

The Y News

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in Connection with the Associated Alumni
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We have often read of the poor student who, in his thirst for knowledge, studied in a poorly furnished garret with no heating system at all. We can see him blowing in his numbed fingers trying to restore circulation in them so that he could write a few notes from his books.

Such scenes at one time were probably the unseemly lot of the student. It seems, though, that some people think that this is the proper atmosphere for study, that if we didn't have the heat we couldn't study. Consequently people, who must have the wellfare of the students at heart, see to it that the temperature of our library is above the freezing point of water, but very low for human comfort. With the proper atmosphere established the students can reach great heights of scholarship.

It is our hope that the students realize that the temperature of the library is ideal for study—with variations.

Claus and Scratches

Despite the traditions of our ancestors, we notice that the school takes a note for all the money that they lend the students.

We are told that Messrs. Sals and Higgs are having a contest to see who can turn the least coil in heating (1) the buildings.

Why the poor fellow who was good and didn't stuff his 130 class with wads and so didn't get a ticket to the games.

It is worse than we thought. They aren't only going to make the student pay for the prom but they raised the ante for it all four-leaf.

We wonder if the phrase "To him that hath shall be given" refers to our rich men and the basketball player?

And "From him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath," probably goes for the students.

Some of our good people evidenced by thought last Saturday night at Open Forum Discussion was another way of saying Testimony Meeting.

Maybe we would get a new and bigger gym quicker if we made some of our community leaders fight for tickets instead of handing them out gratis.

We suppose that our faculty member who is on the Floating University has his reasons for firing him.

well as from the University of Washington.

Carry—George says that new flame of his suits too good to be true. Mary—He's wrong. I know at least six fellows else's true to.

"How'd your operation come out? What anesthetic did you have local?"

"No vocal, the wick was there."

She—That auto looks pretty well worn out.

He—It ought to. It's the sole survivor of four live affairs.

He—If they don't where do the angels get the strings for their harps?

THIS TERRIBLE PRESENT
Photographer—"Watch, and you'll see a pretty little dicker bird come out."

Modern Child—"Oh, don't be an ass, open your plate and let's get this over!"

How little Tommy described some Russian dancers he had seen—"They stood on nothing and danced."

MORE GORGEOUS

Prom Frocks

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"Who Killed Rock Kohn"

By A. COMMON GOYLE
A Detective Story in Many Parts

The room was dimly lighted. Heavy drapes hung over the windows and the silence was tense. At the east end of the room was a platform for a small stage with dark curtains hanging at the back. A single shaded light shone dimly. A table stood before the stage and several notes lay on it. Farther back in the room sat the detective and the chosen few who were to witness the attempt to communicate with the departed spirit of Rock Kohn. It was into this atmosphere that Lewis K. George, William Crimmon, Julius Braun and George Platter steadily entered. They seated themselves at the rear of the room and waited.

The spiritual medium, a tall man with deep set, staring eyes, arose from the table and spoke in a low hoarse voice. "Everyone in the room must concentrate with an eye on the effort to read the spirit of Rock Kohn. Absolute quiet must be maintained and there must be no interruptions." He seated himself at the table and commenced in his maneuvers of the mysticism. Careful Dolores, who was quietly watching intently. He did not seem as nervous as the other on-lookers.

The room grew so quiet that only the breathing of the men could be heard. The atmosphere was tense when suddenly there was a slight rustling of the curtains. A light flash of smoke fairly arose from in front of the stand and the light turned to an unhealthy green color. There was

And we suggest further that the University of Utah knows that it brought forth the Cougar quartette.

We can hold up our heads now, proud as the school has been responsible for eight formalis this year, no counting the Junior Prom.

sound of stealthy footsteps and the light went out. The footstep came slowly and the sound of breathing could be heard. Suddenly the stage was flooded with light and a gap arose from the outsiders. There in the center of the stage stood Rock Kohn. With wide eyes he attempted to see into the depths of the audience as though his craze had been temporarily blinded by the sudden light. His eyes were ranged into darkness and there was the sound of clapping. The dim green light over more late a ghastly radiance to the room. Lights were turned on and bewildered men looked at each other. "Bring him back," whispered Ben Dick. "Let's question him."

"I shall bring him back," spoke Carl Dolores. "But first I want to ask a question of William Crimmon. All eyes went to the rear of the room where the boys sat.

"What did you do with Rock Kohn when you kidnapped him?" demanded Dolores.

His face turned white. Crimmon slowly arose to his feet. "We didn't kill him," he half whispered. "We only took him up to a cabin and locked him in and when we went back some one had turned him out."

"Tell what you know Braun," demanded Dolores.

"I only know the name as Crimmon, fathered Braun. I helped take him but he was after when we left him."

"What do you know Platter?"

"I guess I was to blame," stammered Platter. "We just happened to go even with the News so we kidnapped their assistant editor to stir up a little excitement, but we don't know who killed him."

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"Of course you don't," grinned Dolores. "Rock Kohn is not dead!"

"Not dead?" Dolores shook his head and grinned. "Bring him in here," he called.

"The door opened and two men entered with Rock Kohn, very much alive."

"Now," began Dolores, "to make a long story short, Rock Kohn was kidnapped by these boys and he resolutely made his way to another cabin in the canyon where there was a cave of food and some old magazines. To get the others worried he remained at this hidden camp and passed away the time reading and on going his enforced miseries, never thinking what was happening back in the city. The man who was killed was a cousin of Kohn's who was very much like him in tool all but his parents. Kohn's father recognized the slain man at once, so Watson and I have been concentrating our efforts in locating the real Kohn. It seems that this cabin had borrowed a suit of Kohn's clothes and his shirt and was going to visit some friends in another town. No one knew he was hiding. Rock and Kohn himself was laughing up his sleeve thinking that they might find his cousin and take him for himself. So you see there is no murder case."

(Continued on page 4)

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Side Steps and Punches

Fans will be treated to a rare dish of basketball when the Montana State College and B. V. U. meet next Monday and Tuesday nights. With Birkley and Thompson, basket manufacturers de luxe, and Cooper and Bredeno, goal defenders par excellence, strutting their stuff on the floor.

Montana State has not only a powerful offensive team; it can also boast of being the strongest defensive team in the western division of the conference. The record of 68.1 points per game speaks volumes for the Bobcat defense.

It is not surprising in view of the fact that the team is made up of the division stars of remarkable ability. Think, for instance, that Ward, the Bobcat center held Worthington, A.

C. center and formerly peer of conference centers, to only two field baskets in two games.

Over on the east side of the conference they are very neatly trying to unscramble the scrambled situation existing in the present basketball race.

Wyoming, last year's champions started out like a tornado, and like a tornado, it soon spent its strength and has gone down to defeat by several "wacko" teams. Then the Greeney Teachers seemed to take a monopoly on the unscrambled egg market, but, too, was toppled. Now the Farmers from Ft. Collins are sitting on top of the eastern division basketball world. They accomplished this feat by dousing the Wyoming Cowboys' twice in succession.

Yet they are not unbeatable and it is still anybody's championship.

It will be most unfortunate for Utah and the basketball free-for-all if Jerry Smith, the Ute's scoring ace, will be absent from the lineup against the Montana Bobcats. Reports drifting in from the north are to the effect that Smith suffered a badly sprained ankle in the last "Y-U" game.

'Twould be interesting to watch Smith against Frank Ward, the Montana marvel.

The chances of the Utah and B. V. quintets to topple the Bobcats may be viewed from many angles. Casting the optics along one of these angles, one sees that Utah has the best chance to

trip the champs.

B. V. U. plays the same type of ball that the Montanans do, a type at which the champions are past masters and almost unstopable. Utah will throw against the northerners a different type of play. It may, and it may not, bother the Bobcats. Utah emphasizes a defensive game and if they can make it stop the Bobcats, well and good, and if it proves incapable, even the most rabid fan can hardly hope that the Montana sharpshooters can be outclassed.

It is significant that the Aggies' one win out of six starts has been at the expense of the conference champs. Last year the Logan team was the only one to register a win over Montana.

"What's become of Jack Jones, the guy boy who used to spend his time building castles in Spain?"

"He's making a fortune now."

"What is he doing?"

"Designing service stations."

"That's getting a run for your money," said the Bupper as she caught her stocking on a nail.

Nice Old Thing—Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?

Lower Young! Lower! No, it's all right really. It's not gambling.

S. O. T.—What?

S. V. T.—No, you see, we get our clothes back.

—Blue Gator.

No girl ever made a fool out of me.

"Who was it, then?"

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"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

7 More Days

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On Friday, February 22nd the PARAMOUNT Theatre will present to the people of Provo and surrounding country, on the new and Perfect

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See—Why Paris
was never taken!
See—Why Germany
credits America with winning World War!

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Karl Dane, Geo K. Arthur
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and
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Also THE COLLEGIANS

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BRIG STEVENS
BARBER SHOP

Who Killed Rock Kobin?

(Continued from page 2)

"Was a minute," boomed Big Doc. "What this cousin murder?"

"No," smiled Dolores. "He killed himself. It was a plain case of suicide."

"Well, if that was the case what did he do with the knife with which he stabbed himself?" asked Scenopia.

"I took the trouble to acquaint myself with the young man's past, and I found that he used to travel with a circus," informed Dolores. "And he was a very accomplished sword swallower. He stabbed himself and just before he died he swallowed the knife. We removed it from his stomach before we buried him."

Dolores lighted his huge pipe and turning to Watson said, "Come, my dear Watson, we are returning to Washington at once to assist a certain gentleman named Smith in determining who killed John Barleycorn. Some reports have it that he is not dead but sleeping. Good evening gentlemen."

FIVE

"I wonder," said the old lady at the dance, "what has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to drop her eyes, raise her face and say: 'You must kiss me!'"

"She has a daughter," answered the girl, who says, "Shove her into high kid! The old man's gaining on us!"

ABSENT-MINDED

"Well, what a professor's meeting!"

"Yes, a little forget-together."

"Could you pass the bread?"

"I think I can. I moved places all summer."

"My father was a famous Westerner."

"Did he carry two guns?"

"No, when he wanted to kill two men he made a billiard."

That freshman across the hall says he likes his new topcoat very much, only he can't get used to the wood across the shoulders and the hook keeps pushing his hat off.

"My gosh, a cowboy!"

"You're crazy. A horse and a movie star."

If a man makes a mistake in choosing his wife these days it is certainly his own fault. He can see all he's getting.

Our Haul of Blame

Dear Editor—

As one from whom the facts of life have been withheld, I can understand the obvious attraction with which the masculine element showers the current inter-social with basketball games.

The fact that the kids evince little, if any interest in the progress of the game, and noticeable regard for the players as individuals, is a bit disconcerting to the few of us not built like the traditional Venus of basketball. This may be interpreted by sundry critics as being the effluence of one whose eye is panicked by jealousy of certain stellar Nautilus. Such is not the case.

Rather it is written by one who, in three days of lax morals, has only the interest of Young womanhood at heart.

Y

Doctor—They tell me you're a hard drinker.

Patient—Don't you believe it, Doc. It isn't a bit hard.

Lady—You say you have three degrees.

Tramp—Sure, mum, one from Harvard, one from Princeton, and the third degree from the police.

When a Nigger Dame student wants to study geography he goes out for football.

Doctor—Where shall I vacinate you?

Modern Girl—Oh, anywhere, it's bound to show.

Don't think you're a bargain just because you're half off.

"Let's wife had nothing on me," said the convert as he turned to a pile of stone.

A Short, Short, Story.

He loved her.
She loved him.
They married.

Then the baby came.

A blonde with big blue eyes moved into the next apartment.

HOPE

In a sunken month garden a man held a girl in his arms and told her for the hundredth time that he loved her more than anything else in the world.

With all he might the girl was trying her best to believe him.

Social Unit Notice!

The following social unit affiliations have recently been made:

Beaux Arts—Sage Lee, Zenda Weiss and Thelma Gardner.
Zenit-Gips-Ben Coe.
No. 13—Glen Peterson and Clarence E. Christensen.

All social units are requested to have their unit membership (20 to 30) filed.

Y.

Tramp—Have you a good apartment for a hungry man, missus?

Lady—Yes, and he'll be home presently, so you'd better go.

Female—What have you there?

Male—Some insect powder.

Female—Good heavens! You aren't going to commit suicide?

THE MOVIE AD WRITER
SENDS A POST CARD

Gorgeous, Lovable Minnie:
Am having a thrilling, gripping, stupendous time. Met a ravishing, exotic, pulsating blonde, and have a epochal date with her Friday night. Wish you were here Thursday only!

The department of agriculture is responsible for our wayward youths. Once a man sowed his wild oats and reaped a grain of wisdom. Now he protects his crops and gets rice every other year.

"Betsy wants to finish her education in Europe."

"Where does she want to begin it?"

NEW PICK UP



He—My new car has a wonderful
She—That I saw you with a strange girl today.

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REFRESH
YOURSELF

ONE SOUL WITH BUT
A SINGLE THOUGHT—
TO PAUSE AND
REFRESH HIMSELF
AND NOT EVEN A
GLANCE FROM
THE STAG LINE

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And so it goes! Coca-Cola, with the delicious taste and cool alertness of refreshment, leaves no argument about when, where and how—no more and seldom, indeed.

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YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

"Do you believe in getting parties?"
"That depends on who the party is."

Young Wife—Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?
Tramp—No mum, and the doctor says I never will be again.

Edith—I suppose that this talk about a college man's life being all wine, woman and song is exaggerated!

Frederick—It certainly is; you very seldom hear singing in the dormitories.

—Punch Bowl.

He—I won't graduate from college this year.

She—Why not?

He—I didn't go.

Patronize the 'Y' News Advertisers.

BAKOU.



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The smartest hat of the season, Bakou, with ribbons, attracts the striking class of the season. Only the most beautiful collection we've just received from Gage, which introduces a delightful variety of color, medium and includes every favored color, every known headpiece!

Cinderella

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